



GC
Kama Sensations

DYNAMITE LOVER

She pushed. Carl watched. She stopped, slid out of the leg press, stood perfect-posture-erect and took her pulse. He put his crossword puzzle down. Sixty seconds later she repositioned herself on the machine, opened her exquisitely muscled legs wide in order to hit the abductor and adductor muscles, and incidentally gave Carl a peek at her pussy.

Carl not only peeked, he peaked. He covered it with his towel. With military cadence she slid fluidly back and forth until, with a final thrust, she failed in an exhausted heap. Carl hadn't done a set—or filled in a clue—since he started watching. He imagined that her pulse was racing because she was imagining the two of them hot, sweaty and naked as she pressed his cock deep inside her and scissored him breathless with those long, sleekly muscled thighs.

For 90 minutes she pushed, thrust, squatted, curled and displayed her thighs and hips and perfect-for-fucking ass. Three minutes a set, one minute of rest, three sets per exercise. Precise, dynamic. Carl had never imagined, written or filmed anything like it.

When she mounted the stair-climber, Carl followed. **"Hi, I'm Carl," he said. "You like being onstage."**

"Tina," she said. **"I enjoy having you watch me."** (Note: I've changed her name.) Carl stood at attention. There was no one else in the cardio room, so he made no attempt to hide it.

Tina giggled. She bent over, sweaty breasts framed in his face, nipples moments from his mouth, and kissed him. Carl imagined muscular, naked, sweaty Tina, her pulse rate at 160 beats a minute, with her ass in the air and her fingers on her clit while he gyrated inside her bushy wet pussy until she crumpled into a trembling orgasmic mass of pure female beauty.

"Give me the puzzle," she said. Carl didn't respond. **"Carl, up here!"** she said, laughing, drawing his attention from the movement of her hips. **"The crossword puzzle. Give it to me."**

Carl gave her the puzzle and a pen. There were only three clues filled in.

For 20 minutes Tina rode with long, powerful strokes while Carl studied her from every angle, never daring to touch himself in case someone should interrupt them. When she was done, she was done. There was no cool-down period. She just got off, wiped away the sweat and pressed into Carl, breasts first, and kissed him.



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"Meet me at the desk," she ordered, and marched into the locker room.

Carl's jaw dropped. Still lost in fantasy land, he noticed the puzzle. Her handwriting was crisp, flawless; the puzzle was finished. He put it in his pocket. His cock bulging, he took a good five minutes before leaving the cardio room. That didn't allow much time, so he changed quickly without showering, and they arrived at the desk at the same time.

"Hi," he said. Simple, direct. **"I want someone to celebrate with,"** she said. **"So come and watch me Friday night."** **"What are we celebrating?"** he said.

"You'll see," she said as she handed him a ticket. **"I'll meet you inside."** Then she hugged him full-body close and smooched him. He got an immediate erection.

"You good with that?" she said, nodding at his camera.

"It's my life," he said. He glowed as she smiled in acknowledgment.

"Leave it behind on Friday," she said. **"Just come and enjoy the show."** And with that she left, never stopping to look back.

Carl quickly shot a few pictures and read the ticket. *A boxing match?* He had a date with a knockout-hot chick who loved boxing! He adjusted himself and went home to load the Tina-booty- in-fatigues shots onto his computer and enjoy his amazing fortune.

On Friday the arena was jammed. Tina had gotten Carl a seat a mere ten rows back from the ring. The main event wouldn't start until **"no earlier than 9:00 pm"** Las Vegas time, but boxing wasn't the main event for Carl. Tina was. He got to his seat about 20 minutes before the first fight on the undercard – a local girl, T.N.T., getting her first shot against the undefeated champion, Jara **"The Brazilian Jaguar"** Sibelia.

Though Carl knew the names and reputations of some of the fighters on the card, apart from sexy Laila Ali he wasn't really familiar with the female boxers. But he was intrigued by female athletes – and had musclemom porn sites bookmarked on his computer. So when the fight was about to start and Tina still hadn't arrived, he was disappointed. He'd wanted to ogle two hot chicks beating the hell out of each other while he had the hottest chick of them all pressed up against him.

There was nothing he could do, so as the lights dimmed and the music blasted out, he settled in to enjoy the show. Over the loudspeaker came AC/DC's **"I'm T.N.T. I'm dynamite, and I'll win the fight. T.N.T., I'm a power load. T.N.T., watch me explode."**

Naturally, Carl got hard. With the lights down and all eyes on the woman approaching battle, he stroked himself discreetly a few times. Oh yeah, he thought as he watched the gladiator approach the ring, *I'll watch you explode, baby. I'll make you explode!*



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After the challenger had entered, the lights went dark and the sound of rain encased the arena. There was a boom of thunder and a crash of lightning and the lights flickered in a strobe effect as the Brazilian Jaguar pounced into the ring and took her robe off. She was sinewy, strong, agile. She looked *lethal*. Carl feared for T.N.T.

Still, he got caught up in the excitement of having the local girl fighting for the championship and barely listened to the announcer until he heard: **"In the blue corner, weighing in at 159 and a half pounds, from Las Vegas, Nevada, Tenacious Tina, 'T.N.T.'!"**

The crowd roared and stomped and chanted "T.N.T." as she removed her combat green hood and robe to reveal the body of a goddess, of a warrior—of Tina, *Carl's date!*

Everybody was on their feet when the bell rang for the start of round one. The Jaguar came straight to the center of the ring and went for Tina's head with a wild lunging right hook. Tina ducked and crouched and threw a rib-crushing shot to the body and then came over the top with a left hook that dropped the Jaguar to the canvas—just ten seconds into the first round. The crowd went wild. But Jara bounced right up and shook her head as if to say she wasn't hurt.

Tina had the Jaguar running, however. She stalked her relentlessly—every punch hard, fast, devastating. The Jaguar went down again in round one and was staggered at the bell.

But Jara was a champion, and she came out fast and furious in round two,

throwing punches from everywhere, trying to overwhelm the feisty challenger. Tina ducked. She bobbed and weaved. She backpedaled and threw stiff jabs to keep Jara at bay. And when the champ's wildness turned to carelessness, Tina caught her with another rib-breaking body shot. When Jara dropped her arm, Tina knocked her down and out!

And Carl shot his load.

When they got back to Tina's place, she turned on *her song*, "T.N.T." She playfully backed Carl into a corner, knocking a Rubik's Cube off the mantle and a G.I. Jane doll to the floor.

"Disrobe," she said. It was an order. Carl obeyed.

Her left hand shot out with a jab, grabbed his swollen shaft and stroked. She shot out a right and then a left-right-left jab-grab-and-stroke combination, and Carl did everything he could not to explode. He moved to his left to try to get out of the corner and buy some time. Tina countered by going to the body, mashing herself against him and going strongly with her mouth to his chest, sucking at his nipples and grabbing at his ass until he was on the verge.

Carl desperately wanted to last more than a couple of minutes. He pulled his arms up in front of his chest and blocked her advances. Then he fainted to his left. She fell for it, and in a flash he had her jeans down around mid-thigh.

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She dropped to her knees for leverage and zeroed in on his throbbing cock with a lightning-quick right-hand hook-and-stroke, but she was off balance, and he was able to get her on her back and get her pants and panties off.

He stopped and stared at her open-mouthed—and she flipped him! She jumped to her feet and pulled a cord hanging from the ceiling, ringing a bell. She relaxed and stopped just like she was getting off a stair-climber. It wasn't so easy for Carl.

"End of round one," she said, and went to the refrigerator and took a swig out of a bottle of orange liquid that smelled like ginger. She swallowed a little and spit out the rest in the sink.

"What's that?" Carl asked.

"Energy supplement," Tina said. **"I mix it myself."**

Carl went for the bottle, and she ducked and kept him back with a playful kiss on the lips so quick that he realized just in time that if he kept coming forward, they would butt heads.

She grabbed his hand, shifted their weight and moved them back into the main room.

"Always be prepared" she said, laughing, and in one motion she rang the bell, dropped to her knees, took half his shaft in her mouth and mumbled, **"Round two!"**

Carl had seen what happened to the Brazilian Jaguar in round two, and he knew that in order to go another three minutes with Tina, he would have to use his wits.

Normally he really didn't like getting head; he preferred getting his face wet while he sucked clit. He never needed to divert his attention so he wouldn't come too soon. But he'd seen Tina in action at the gym *and* in the ring.

He knew that she could moan for 20 minutes on a stair-climber while breathing through her nose, and that three minutes a round in a boxing ring with an Amazon warrior trying to split her face open excited her. So he knew that his cock was in for the suck-off of his life—and he knew that he might need that distraction.

Carl picked up the Rubik's Cube and set it on Tina's head. When he looked down, he saw her focus, her intensity. It exceeded his own! For her at that moment in time, nothing existed but his cock and his pleasure. He focused on the cube. One of her hands cupped his balls; the other squeezed the bottom of his shaft. He moved forward slowly, and the cube started to tumble into place. She squeezed harder, and sucked harder.

As Carl felt the pressure and the strength of her amazing, massive boxer's hands, he deftly whirled the rows of the cube. She picked up the pace, and he went with it, fucking her face. She started to moan. She sat down a little lower and started humping her pussy on his foot. Carl, who loved to watch, got closer. She moved in quickly to finish him off; she must have known that he was vulnerable, and that it was about time to ring the bell for the end of round two.

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She mashed her breasts against him and picked up the rhythmic bump and grind of her ass show. Her moans got louder, and then, all in one instant, she pulled his balls, twisted the bottom of his shaft and swallowed deeply while tonguing the tip and the rest of it and sucking as hard as she could. Her pussy opened up a stream of come, her bountiful breasts hugged his thigh, and she pumped his hips into her face over and over, draining every drop of his come down her throat while he roared in unchecked pleasure.

Finally, she looked up at him, her eyes filled with warmth and gentleness. She slid his still-hard cock out of her mouth and licked the drops of come from its tip. She stroked it gently and kissed it tenderly, passionately. He lifted her up, and they kissed.

She rang the bell. **"End of round two,"** she said.

Carl held out the cube and tossed it to her. **"Where'd you learn how to do this?"** she asked.

"I like puzzles," he replied, and rang the bell to start the next round.

Tina rang the bell right back at him. **"Fight's over, puzzle boy,"** she said. **"We both win. Let's celebrate."**

She turned off the music, then stood before him and slowly, hypnotically moved her hips as she took off her T-shirt and bra. **"Would you like to watch me?"** she asked as she stroked her hands up and down her thighs, through her bush and over her swollen nipples. **"Hey, I'm over here!"** she said and threw her panties at him.

Carl was studying the photography displayed on Tina's wall. **"You were in the Army?"** he said.

"Five years," she said. **"I was an Army nurse. A captain. That's where I learned how to fight."**

"And how to make nutritional supplements?" he said.

She was between him and the water bottle. He took a quick first step, but she must have sensed what was happening, because she was able to gather him in her arms and squeeze him tight. **"Puzzle your way out of this,"** she taunted as she bear-hugged him.

Then she released him, rang the bell, ducked into a crouch and threw a lightning-quick left-jab, left-jab, right-cross, left-upper-cut punch combination inches from his face. She bobbed and weaved and circled him.

And Carl was instantly hard!

Instinctively, he brought his hands up in front of his face to protect himself. As he did so, she went hard with power punches scant inches from his vulnerable six-pack abs.

When he crouched and dropped his elbows, she came over the top with three left hooks in a row toward his jaw, then moved quickly outside his range. He rose up quickly, cautiously. He knew she was precise, but he also knew she had caught him off guard and that he was nervous, confused and incredibly excited. He dropped his guard, and she smiled.



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The punches came in flurries. Watching boxing on television or at ringside was fun, but seeing and feeling punches flash at him with full power was vibrant, life-changingly scary and sexy. Tina circled him. She toyed with him. She moved in and out, bobbed, danced and kept firing punches. Carl saw the explosiveness in the thighs that had pumped the leg press for three minutes a set. He saw her abs uncoil and her hips thrust and the champion fists fire as she launched a right uppercut at an imaginary opponent.

She was shadow-boxing now, moving all around the room, letting him watch her from every conceivable angle. He was stroking himself while thrusting his hips and rubbing his head. When she turned on him full-frontal and fired a right-roundhouse kick at his left temple, giving him a quick wide-open view of her soaked pussy, his knees buckled and he shot his load. He soon dropped to his knees but kept on stroking and spasming and shooting his load – and setting a sly trap.

Tina stopped boxing. She rang the bell. It was her turn to watch.

She sat on the floor directly in front of Carl, legs apart, the fingers of her right hand in her pussy working her G-spot, the fingers of her left hand working her clit in swift, aggressive strokes, her eyes focused squarely on Carl's cock. Soon she was breathing rapidly, her hips bucking. When she closed her eyes and let out a deep, long moan, Carl sprung his trap! He pounced, moving his entire body weight into her and guiding his cock toward her soaked snatch.

By the time Carl realized that he was the one who had been trapped, it was too late for him to stop. Tina grabbed his rod, rammed it into herself and wrapped her legs around his and locked her ankles in a powerful scissors hold. She tightened her bear hug, and when he pistoned her, she drove faster—not in and out, but up and in and out and around.

With his entire body under siege from a professional combat warrior, he exploded inside her. He felt the ferocity in every nerve ending and pleasure center of his body.

In the throes of aftershocks, Tina released Carl and jumped to her feet. She thrust her arms in the air and screamed a joyous carnal scream. She rolled him on his back, straddled his face and got herself off by frigging her clit. And when she was done, she was done. She stopped suddenly, while both of them were still revved up. She licked her juices off his lips and her fingers and slapped his face around a little between her breasts.

She gave him a tender kiss, then asked, "Would you like to wash me?"

Carl could only nod.

Tina grabbed his hair, lifted him to his knees and rubbed his face deep in her pussy. **"Let's celebrate this,"** she said. **"Meet me in the shower."** She walked slowly toward the bathroom, giving him time to indulge himself and get ready for his next round of celebration with Tina **"T.N.T."** the new cocksucking champ ever to rock his world.

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FUN IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS?

Hal and I have been together for a little over a month. He's handsome, sweet and funny, not to mention a great lover. My libido races whenever he walks toward me. His clothes always fit perfectly and always look fabulous on him.

The other night we had an encounter I want to tell you about—our first after he'd been away visiting his mom for two weeks. The whole time he was away, all I could think about was feeling his beautiful cock inside me. So when he called to say he was back, even though I do love him, there was only so much small talk I could handle. All I cared about was how my body ached for his.

When he said he wanted to meet, I said I knew the perfect spot, a park within walking distance of my house. The sun was just starting to set. Off to the side of the park is a well-hidden forest. As I walked toward the forest, the anticipation killing me, a cool breeze blew up the short skirt of my dress, over the crevice between my legs.

In the forest I found a large tree branch lying on the ground and sat down. Within two minutes I saw a tall, masculine figure coming toward me. A tingling sensation coursed all through me. As we hugged, I wrapped my arms around Hal, massaging his back.

He pressed himself to me and said, **"I missed you."**

"I missed you too," I said, my heart soaring with the warmth I felt in his embrace. It's like that feeling you get after being out on a cold winter day, suddenly entering a warm, cozy home. I experienced something like the peace you feel then.

Hal took my face in his hands and smothered my lips with his. I surrendered to the kiss and ran my fingers around the waist of his jeans. He thrust his pelvis against me, then slid a hand through my legs and massaged my inner thighs. Then he slid a finger in my pussy, and I moaned as he moved it in and out of me.

I unzipped his jeans and reached in his shorts, then pulled out a nice hard cock. I stroked it like mad. "You like that?" he said in a guttural tone as my fingers worked his shaft.

Hal pulled my dress up over my head, leaving me naked. He lowered his head and kissed my stomach. He reached up and massaged my breasts as his tongue glided closer to my moist cunt. He parted my lips and guided his tongue back and forth on my clit. At first he moved slowly, caressing the walls of my lips with his tongue, and I moaned in rhythm with it. Suddenly he moved his tongue faster. I felt a rush as if I was jutting straight down a roller coaster. My thighs quivered.

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I gasped for a moment, catching my breath. Finally, I said, **"Okay, Hal, now I want to fuck your big cock."**

Hal pulled my body up for a long, sensual kiss. He pulled a lubricated rubber out of his shorts and slid it on. He propped me up by gripping my ass. Then he slowly buried his prick in me. When he began penetrating me with medium thrusts, I gripped his arms and tossed my head back. **"Ooh, nice, tight pussy,"** he said. With that he began pumping me harder.

"Oh, yeah," I moaned. **"I love that big cock."** I threw my head back again.

"You like that, don't ya?" he said.

"Feels good, right?"

"Yeah," I panted.

Hal kept fucking, and I kept moaning. When he started breathing heavy, I became more intrigued. **"Feel good, baby?"** I said.

"Yeah," he gasped, and closed his eyes.

"You like fuckin' me?" I said, grinning.

"Oh yeah," he said in his normal deep voice.

Now he was feeding me his cock ferociously. It hurt a little, I but wanted to see his face contort as he shuddered and deposited his load inside me. I was aching to see him come. I told him how much I love watching a guy come.

All he did was chuckle.

"You gonna come, baby?" I said, hoping to force him closer to climax.

"Ooh, yeah," he said, his voice quivering. I felt his cock tensing up inside me.

It became harder for him to thrust with his inner thighs shaking the way they were.

"Come on, baby," I urged. **"Mmm, that big cock."**

"Uh, I'm gonna come," he moaned. I was enticed with the image of his beautiful cock spewing forth cream.

Suddenly he pulled out. I looked down at his erection and was

momentarily befuddled not to see any come in the condom. Without warning, he ripped it off his still- throbbing cock, and I stared as ropes of come streamed out onto me.

I barely had time to enjoy it, though, because all of a sudden we heard twigs breaking nearby. **"Shit!"**

Hal hissed. A crowd of youngsters was walking our way.

I leaped behind the broken tree trunk and frantically slipped my dress back on.

"Wanna go back to my place?" I said.

"Can't, babe," he said. **"I'm going out to dinner with my dad. And I need to be at work early in the morning."**

"Oh, okay," I said, pouting.

"I'm going out to dinner with my dad. And I need to be at work early in the morning."
"Oh, okay,"

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"There's always tomorrow, baby," he said, and he kissed me. He said, "I love you," while running his fingers through my hair.

"Love you too," I said, sighing as I embraced him. One more kiss, and then we said our good-byes. —

RELAXED SEX

Under the romantic glow of candlelight, with soft music playing in the background, we undress each other completely, taking our sweet time. We're in no rush!

I have you lie facedown on the bed, and I use one of the candles to warm up some of that special almond-scented massage oil we like. I start at your muscular shoulders and slowly work my way downward, massaging the oil in, rubbing very slowly.

Feeling tension in your shoulders, I take extra time rubbing them (okay, maybe I really love the feel of your shoulder muscles), then rub all down your back and down your sides. Again, I take my time. I keep kneading your flesh firmly, and it's not long before I have you moaning steadily.

Once I have your whole body completely relaxed— perhaps you've even drifted off to sleep!—I work my way down to your buttocks, which I rub firmly and purposefully, up and down, up and down. I make sure periodically to cup my hands down in between your legs as well, massaging what they find there. I am also careful to remember that your hips need love too. So much rubbing!

Eventually I force myself to resume my downward path. I work down along your legs, then continue on to your ankles and feet. After which I repeat the whole procedure, once again taking my own good sweet time as I work my way down—methodically, patiently persistently—from head to toe.

Then I do the whole thing all over again! And I continue this process for maybe half an hour.

Once I'm sure I have you as relaxed as I can possibly get you, I wake you gently by means of soft kisses on the back of your neck intermixed with suggestive sucking on your earlobe. When I have your attention, I have you turn over on your back. Then I take time once again to make sure that you are relaxed all over and completely comfortable.

I take the soft gurgling noises you're making as confirmation that you are at the desired point of relaxation. I plant kisses all over your naked torso, just barely grazing the surface of your skin. Now I produce the blindfold I've had ready for this moment and put it in place over your eyes.

I know you understand that my goal is to heighten this gradually unfolding scene and make it all that much more sensual and enjoyable—for both of us!

At this point I am relaxed, and only slightly moist with anticipation. I proceed to apply warm oil to your chest and shoulders, paying special attention to your nipples. Oh look, they've both snapped up erect!



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My work done there, I continue on down to your tummy, where I tantalize your belly button. I rub oil on each of your arms, including the hands, where I pull repeatedly on each finger until I'm satisfied they're all fully relaxed as well.

I move downward, skipping over areas that would, shall we say, rouse you from your present state of relaxation.

I rub oil on your legs and feet and do the same thing with the toes as I did with the fingers, tugging on each slightly. After massaging your feet, I repeat the entire process up and down the length of your body, over and over, for about another half an hour.

You should be passed out by this point, sound asleep. I glance down and observe that I am now *visibly* moist, perhaps from knowing what my next moves are while you are breathing slow and heavy, deep in dreamland.

I continue repeating the entire process from head to toe. I spread your legs wide enough for me to maneuver between them. Now able to span the entire length of your body in wide, even strokes, I continue massaging you, to put you back into **"deep relaxation"** mode after moving your legs.

Now, finally, you are right where I want you: totally open and vulnerable! This time when I run my hands up your body, they head straight for your nipples, and set about tantalizing them. I lean over and, one at a time, tongue-tease and suck on them. I take one and then the other in my mouth and suck on

it, hoping that this is awakening a part of you that you've never felt before.

I move my hands back down to your legs and ankles, then follow with my body, ever so slightly brushing the tip of your still-dormant shaft with one of my hard nipples. Now, with my lips almost but not quite touching that sleeping shaft, I breathe warm breath over it—just enough to stir your subconscious.

I rub a few more times all the way up your body and down, to once again relax your senses back to sleep. Now I move slowly up over your chest and straddle one of your legs. As my hands make their next descent of your body, all in one motion I lick the tip of your shaft.

At the same time, I lower my inner lips so that they're dripping on your leg. Your senses wake, and firmness starts to set in. You are too relaxed to protest to anything I have in store for you at this time.

Moving back between your legs, I resume rubbing down the full length of your body. I do this for a while. Then the next time, as I'm going back down, I run my nipples along your thighs.

At the same time I open my mouth and wrap my lips — *ever so lightly!* — around the tip of your manhood. Not surprisingly, you are fully awake now! I had a feeling that would do it! Which is exactly why I was so careful to stay away from this area until now!



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Now I breathe warm air all along your shaft, which I am delighted to feel beginning to stir. I continue my descent down to your balls and then once more down to your ankles.

On the way back up, in a quick and unexpected motion I run my tongue from the bottom of your ball sac to the tip of your steadily growing shaft. I take the tip gently in my mouth and suck all over it. It's not long before you're at full hardness, indeed *standing at attention* in apparent appreciation of my attentions! As I blow a cool breath on the areas I just licked, it dances and begs for more. Down again I go over your body, this time taking you quickly and fully in my mouth and shoving it down my throat as far as I can.

I pull off fast and retreat to long, full body strokes again to keep your now-raging erection from getting out of control. You squirm and beg me to do it again.

I straddle one of your legs once more, setting down lightly, opening my dark hollow up to you all the way. I rock back and forth, enabling you to feel my wetness. You moan unbelievably—I've never heard you make sounds like that!—at how hot and wet I am.

Moving off of you, I turn around and straddle your face, allowing you now to see—and *taste*—my wetness. Since I have conveniently positioned myself facing away from your face, I am now in position to go down quickly (**I try to stifle my impulse to pounce**) on your manhood. While you lick the dew out of my nether region, you let out a series

of moans, which turn to groans as my mouth tickles your shaft all over.

I move back down between your legs and rub my hands up them, moving gradually to the insides. I cradle your balls with my thumbs while sucking on the soft part of your leg where it attaches to your trunk, right next to your balls. Soon my tickling has you really squirming. I go lower and lower, moving your balls aside and sucking all around them. With lightning speed, I suck one of them in my mouth. I suckle it oh-so-gently. Then I release it and capture the other ball, which I give the same treatment.

Now I run my tongue up, down and all around your impressive hardness, wetting down the whole length of it. I move my tongue to the tip and tickle it, then kiss it firmly. In *excruciatingly* slow motion I press downward with my lips.

I ignore your grunted protests (**how seriously can I take them when you appear unwilling to suspend your oral attentions to my pussy even long enough to form actual words?**) and take a good half of your shaft in my mouth. I wrap my lips and tongue snugly around it, then begin making small up-and-down strokes. I go down on you repeatedly deeper and deeper and harder and harder, until I have you squirming with pleasure and begging for something more.

You reach down, pull me up and kiss me.

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As our tongues dance, I position myself just over your waist and lower myself lightly so I'm hovering just over your erection, allowing it to stand between my dripping lips and allowing me to run my wetness along the length of it a few times from tip to balls and back. With each stroke, I imagine that you are as wild with anticipation of your beautiful cock being inside me as I am. My inner lips are swollen, aching and throbbing to receive you. This pushes me to kiss you vigorously.

As I run my silky lips along your shaft, I feel it heaving in anticipation of its own. I tease it, rising up a bit, just a shade more beyond its reach. As I lift myself, you thrust your hips upward, but I keep rising just high enough so that you still can't penetrate me—yet! I am holding your arms down above your head. You are helpless and begging for me to take a plunge.

As you continue to thrust upward, at just the right moment I remain still and permit you to penetrate ever so slightly—your tip just barely touches the inside of my inner lips. Now I bounce up and down, *ever so lightly*, so that tip slides in and out of me, causing you to squirm and moan.

The more I do this, the more agitated you become, until you just cannot take any more. You take charge, first pulling your hands out of my grasp, then quickly placing them on my hips and pulling me down *hard* while you thrust your hips upward as hard. Now you can raise your own hips up to catch me. At this moment I quickly lower myself

all the way, causing you to penetrate me fully.

Finally, after all the lusting and teasing, I am filled completely. We both cry out! We rise and fall together a few times. I give up eye contact with you so I can raise my torso fully and concentrate on grinding my cunt on your cock—back and forth, all the way in and out. I love feeling your rocklike cock penetrate me all the way each time, and luxuriate in the feeling, just grinding back and forth, slow and *hard*.

I pause a few seconds to allow us both to feel our own contractions and the flow of juices. Then I give you a few even slower and harder thrusts, pausing after each grind. My mind begins to reel as my body goes out of control. I'm moving faster now, and then faster still. Faster and deeper I grind, as hard as I can, but also taking pauses of varying lengths at your point of deepest penetration, until I let out a long, loud, low-pitched, deeply throaty cry.

My body shudders with my pure pleasure. A few more soft thrusts and I lie down on top of you to rest and recover myself—only to discover that we're not finished! Aggressively, you flip me on my back and hold my hands down over my head.

You whisper in my ear that now it is *your* turn to torture *me*. You kiss my neck firmly, just at the hollow, under my ear, then across my face—teasing my lips— to the other side.



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"Oh God," I groan, "how I want you inside me again, pounding me hard!"

While I beg, I try to struggle free, but to no avail. You have a firm grip on my wrists. Meanwhile I continue to beg you, over and over, to give me that pounding.

Just when I think you're ignoring me, you plunge effortlessly all the way inside me and hold it for a second, which causes me to moan loudly. With a blink of an eye, you pull out all the way. I chastise you, and beg you to do it again. You adjust your position so you can kiss me firmly and passionately, long and wet.

I am dizzy again, and you make me swoon. You withdraw your cock and position it so it's sitting just at the tips of my inner lips, where you let it nuzzle my smoothness. As you kiss me a few more times, you dip and raise, dip and raise, allowing just your cockhead to enter and exit me. My pussy swells and throbs.

My passion is growing wild again, and I beg you for more. You kiss your way down to the little freckle between my mounds. Now your hands release my wrists, and you set one on each breast. You massage them firmly, tugging on my aching erect nipples.

I'm moaning and begging you to *please* take me again. Quickly, and without a word, you rise and position your cock over my face, just out of reach of my lips. I can't reach it, since you're straddling me. I raise my knees and press them to your back, pushing you close

enough that I can have your cock in my mouth at will.

God, you taste good! You pull away, then come close. You dip a little and let me kiss it, let me take it in my mouth once more, and each time retreat again. I moan my frustration.

You kiss down to one of my nipples and take it in your mouth. You pull, suck and roll it around in your mouth for a few minutes. Then you do the same to the other nipple. Down you move to my belly, where you kiss and suck on my belly button. Now you go lower, kissing all along my hip line, from one side to the other. Each sucking kiss makes me squirm, it tickles so! I moan and spread my legs farther apart as an invitation. Happily, you accept. Slowly, oh so slowly, you kiss down and around my lower mound, along my hairline, and tickle my tip with your tongue. I let out a small cry. You plunge your tongue deep, drinking in my juice all at once. You suck hard and passionately.

I cry and raise my hips for you to push farther in.

As you are sucking on me, you slide a finger in my forbidden zone. Mmm, that feels great! Then you insert another finger, continuing to suckle while you probe my depths. Finally, you land on my ecstasy button, which you massage wildly, all the while still sucking on me. I feel myself falling into a warm, dark, inviting tunnel, telling me that I'm ready to come again. You read this from my moans and slight shudder and retreat again.

Kama Sensations



Positioning your head over my breasts, you kiss and suck on each nipple again. You kiss up me to my lips. Now our lips touch— just touch, not kissing—and you whisper that you're going to take me as your own now and make us one. Then you press your lips firmly on mine. As our tongues make love, you plunge your manhood deep in me. We both cry out.

Plunge after plunge, you move slowly and firmly, pausing at each deepest point. You speed up and keep thrusting. After a while, you pull all the way out and tell me to turn on my tummy. I do, positioning myself facedown, bent- kneed, with my legs spread slightly apart and my bottom in the air.

You dive—deep, hard and fast. I cry while arching up and backward. Thrust after thrust, speeding up and slowing down, you dive deep, as deep as you can go, holding my hips and pulling me to you firmly.

You lean over me, put your hand on my throat, pull me backward, up towards you, and kiss the back of my neck as you thrust a few more times. Then you reach around and hold my breasts with both hands, pulling me to you with each thrust, nuzzling my hard nipples with your palms. It feels sensational, rocking back and forth with each other. You move your hands back to my hips to guide me firmly to you again. I reach down and back between my legs as best I can and tug lightly on your balls while you thrust deep. You let out a low moan. On your out stroke, I wrap my fingers around your cock, so that you're

now gliding through them on the in stroke, spreading my lips slightly for fuller penetration.

You quicken your thrusts, and with a dozen or so more of them finally shudder, cry out and fill me with your cream.

We fall to the bed and breathe as one for a few moments, while we catch our breath. You roll off of me, and I roll over onto my side, with my back facing you. You roll up behind me and reach around to cup one of my breasts, and we fall asleep, our desires spent, deep in each other's love. —

EROTIC CAR RIDE

Me and a good friend went into town one day to shop and do some errands. It took us a half hour just to get there, since we live in the country. We were the type of friends you could call "friends with benefits." We fooled around with one another and sent each other pictures and videos of us masturbating. We always talked dirty to each other, if we were just joking around or if we were being serious. And I loved it. It always got my pussy wet and his cock throbbing. It drove both of us crazy, and we knew it.

While I drove, he got to talking about our past experiences, remembering how on one occasion my pussy smelled and tasted really sweet. A tingly feeling came swollen, over my entire body. He had his hand on my thigh, moving closer to my most inner part, between my legs.



Kama Sensations

He rubbed my thigh, and while he told me every detail of his naughty and dirty thoughts, my jeans became damp in the center. My outer lips were swollen, the whole area throbbed, and my clit hardened.

The half-hour trip was a little longer than usual, as we teased each other for over an hour. He would pull out his hard dick and stroke it in front of me. With every stroke, clear come puddled at the tip of his head. As much as I tried to focus on driving, I couldn't help but watch. *Jesus, I wanted him!*

At every red light I found myself leaning my head into his lap to suck the come off his cock. Just watching him play with himself and listening to him say sexual things turned me on to where I could have come without him touching me.

It got to be around lunchtime, so we stopped at a burger joint. He said he wanted to sit somewhere where he could play with my pussy under the table. Instead, knowing the sexual tension we had, I sat us at the bar for some drinks.

While we sat there, I told him how wet he made my panties, and how much it turned me on every time I sucked his cock in the car, and how much I loved to watch him stroke his hard dick. He said he wanted to see my panties so that he could breathe in my scent and taste my creamy come.

Good girl that I am, before we left I went to the rest room and took my panties off. I had a big smile as I got in

the car, and just by looking at me he knew what I had done. Without hesitation, I handed him my wet thong. With a huge smile, he wrapped it around his hand and inhaled deeply. Every deep breath he took turned me on more, seeing how he loved it.

He put the wettest part of the thong in his mouth and licked my cream. I kept getting hotter as he worked the thong over with his mouth.

I wanted my lips wrapped around his cock bad, but I wanted it deep inside me too. All I could think about was fucking him, riding that hard, throbbing cock on my kitchen table. I couldn't wait to get him home.

On our way back from town, he told me to take off my pants, saying he wanted to smell and taste my pussy up close and personally. I put the car on cruise control and set one leg high on the dashboard so he could lick all the way down my pussy lips. His soft tongue made my clit hard, and my lips swelled as he licked and nibbled from one to the other. He pulled back to look at my swollen pussy, then started smacking it and playing with my clit.

I saw a string of my juices stretched from my pussy to his fingers. When he started a repeat session of sucking and licking every inch of my lips, I moaned and, keeping one hand on the wheel, pushed the back of his head deeper in my pussy, so he'd get every ounce of my juices on his chin, because after he was done, I licked it all off his face. I'd never felt anything like it before. He licked my pussy clean till we got closer to my house.



Kama Sensations

The moment we stepped in the house, he practically ripped my clothes off of me while pushing me toward the kitchen table—just like I had imagined!

He laid me on the table, pushed my legs apart and licked and bit slowly up my thighs, teasing my pussy. I fought back orgasm, not wanting it yet. I wanted more.

After a while I thought it should be his turn, so I lifted his head from my crotch and licked his chin clean, then told him to strip and lie on the table. With his cock hard and throbbing, I kissed his sac, then licked my way up his twitching shaft. He teased me by moving his cock up and down, turning me on even more.

I wrapped my lips around the head, then worked my way down, stroking with my mouth from balls to tip. His deep moans got louder, making me even hotter.

When I couldn't take it anymore, needing that cock *now*, I forced my way on top of him and pinned his chest to the table when he tried to get up. I reached for his cock and slid it past my wet lips inside my pussy.

I fucked him for a few minutes, loving being in control, and I kept fucking him till my body tingled and I finally reached orgasm.

As I was finishing he threw me off, picked me up and carried me to the

bed, where he laid me down with a force that said he meant business, then shoved his hard-on in me. The faster he fucked me, the more I screamed—for more!

He saw my vibrator sitting on the nightstand and grabbed it. He stuck it in slowly at first, watching my pussy lips grab onto it. He pulled it back out slowly, then pushed in again. Gradually he moved it faster and harder. I felt myself heading toward another climax, and told him to slow down a little so he could see my lips pulse as I came.

We both shouted "**Oh my- god**" as I came. Afterward, I grabbed my toy and tossed it aside. I still needed to feel his cock inside me. I took hold of his arms and pulled his hot body on top of me, and soon enough I felt his cock buried in my throbbing pussy. I grabbed his ass and pulled him harder to me. He held me close to his hot sweaty body. I loved the feel and sound of his balls slapping the bottom of my pussy with every stroke.

He flipped me over so I could ride him again. I sat bolt upright on top of him, grinding my clit on his pubic bone while pinching his nipples. As he was about to come, he let out a scream.

I watched his face intently as he exploded inside me.

As our bodies dripped with sweat, I was sure we both knew that this was a day we would never forget. —